

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

## LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,  
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.]

SATURDAY, February 11, 1804.

[No. 69]

THE

## VILLAGE GOSSIP,

*Or, Memoirs of a Country Lady.*

IN A SERIES OF NUMBERS.

*(Continued from page 122.)*

MRS. Mournwell remained by my side silent and sad; as soon, however, as she found we were released from observation, she laid her hand upon mine, and said, with an energetic tone, Do you not think me a strange being? then, without waiting for my answer, she continued—

What has passed just now convinces me more than ever how dangerous the flirtations of youth are, and how carefully they should be attended to by parents, as they frequently lay the foundation of much unhappiness. I will tell you my story; I do not make it publicly known; but I have heard much of your prudence and judgment, and believe you will make no improper use of it.

I was left, at a very early age, an orphan, to the care of a tradesman of tolerable repute in London: he was not young, but extremely gay, and a most

improper guardian for a young woman. Though I had but little fortune, I received a tolerable education, and fancied myself possessed of uncommon abilities, while, in fact, I was nearly destitute of common sense. I was sprightly, and my person was tolerable; nor was I deficient in that sort of smartness which passes for wit and knowledge of polite life. Left entirely to my own inclination in the choice of associates, it is not wonderful that I selected those who seemed good natured, thoughtless, and agreeable; and my guardian, unfortunately, studied his own convenience too much to value my welfare. Laura Mathews was a fine girl, and my most intimate companion: I knew not then the degree of intimacy which existed between her and my guardian; but the world did, and the consequence was, that my character suffered without my knowledge. Laura was a perfect adept in intrigue, and as I thought her extreme gaiety was merely the effect of good humor, and harmless merriment, I readily agreed to all her proposals. I was ready at my pen, and consequently became her amanuensis in all her love schemes or childish frolics; and from writing letters upon her account, I soon began to write them upon my own.

While on a visit to one of my female confidants in Salisbury, I found myself particularly attracted by a young officer named Claverton: he paid me some

trifling attentions which confirmed my partiality, and I began to think myself desperately in love. However, Claverton thought less of me than I did of him; for he discontinued his visits at the house I frequented in the hope of seeing him, and I feared I should be compelled to quit the country without another interview. I sent him an anonymous letter, reproaching him for his coldness and neglect; and his eyes told me, the first time we met, that my secret was discovered. Whether disposed to trifle with my too obvious partiality, or concerned that the want of fortune on both sides rendered an union improper, I know not; but to one of these motives I attribute his silence on the most interesting subject. I returned to town; related to Laura what had passed: she laughed at me for my want of skill, and assured me that she would have secured him to herself long before. Piqued by her raillery, and aggravated by the increasing severity of my guardian, who seemed to lavish all his favors upon Laura, I penned a few lines in agitation to Claverton, and, I blush to say, even offered myself for his acceptance: his answer was such as might have been expected, had I allowed myself a moment's reflection. He professed his admiration of my person, wit, and candor: said he should be happy in possessing such an agreeable companion, and would make every thing ready for my reception at Salisbury. I tore the letter to atoms in the first



transports of my indignation ; my pride was severely hurt, and I reproached him with all the acrimony of disappointed affection. In a few weeks I received another letter : Claverton expressed his regret at having offended me ; said that his regiment was ordered to Ireland, and that if I would accompany him every thing should be settled between us in an honorable way.

I need not tell you how readily I accepted the proposal ; I prepared my things, and with all my haste only reached Plymouth about an hour before the embarkation :—we were married by the chaplain on board ; and Claverton was all kindness and attention. Noticed and flattered by all the officers, my vanity was highly gratified ; for the seeds of vanity once sown are not easily eradicated, nor did I feel that tender attachment towards my husband which my previous conduct seemed to promise. I had deceived myself into an idea that I loved him, and had no one to blame ; yet we agreed very well, for Claverton was gay and dissipated, and left me much leisure to amuse myself.

We continued at Dublin two years, and among the friends to whom he introduced me was a young gentleman named Mortimore, who favored me with particular attention : his manners were unlike most of his age, and his constant care was to endeavor for the improvement of those with whom he associated. He saw that my heart was not vitiated, and the levity of my manners he traced to the original source,—high spirits and want of parental caution. He first taught me the impropriety of my conduct—became my friend and counsellor ; ah ! he became in reality that dear object to me which I had formerly imagined Claverton to be.

My husband had hitherto been civil and indifferent to me ; he now became cold, satirical, and often severe ; and his unkindness strengthened my criminal passion for Mortimore, and made me still more interesting to him. He had at first doubted our being married, which induced him to act in the manner he had done ; and the solemn assurance of the fact on my side reduced him to despair ; for he loved me notwithstanding all my faults, and often, in a frenzy of passion, declared Claverton was a villain.

Claverton, though not fond, was suspicious (for jealousy is as often caused by selfishness as affection), and watched us narrowly : he had too soon convincing proofs that the woman whose affections are not entirely engrossed by her husband must have an object with whom she shares them. I do not attempt to palliate my fault, nor deprecate the justice of my punishment : a quarrel was the consequence—a private meeting took place, and Mortimore fell. No consideration could keep me from him ; I watched by his bed-side like one stupefied with grief till the hour he expired ; and to the last moments his lips uttered no other sound than concern for my situation. Claverton fled, but he left for me a letter which wrung my soul ; and for several weeks I was totally deprived of reason.

Mrs. Mournwell put a letter into my hand, which she requested me to read ; it was this :—

THOUGH driven by your imprudence and criminality to this extremity, I have some satisfaction in the thoughts of the pangs you must feel at the perusal of this letter. I am for ever exiled from my country ; but for me it contains few charms ; my affairs have been long in a disagreeable way, and it may perhaps, be to my advantage to recruit in a foreign country, which I should not probably have had resolution to do, but for the present exigence. For your own misfortunes reproach yourself ; I am no more accountable for them than I shall be for your future concerns. I am not your husband : at the time I first saw you I had but just joined the regiment, and had been three years separated from an amiable and beautiful woman, to whom I had been united by the desire of my friends. I loved her not, it is true ; but libertine as I am, I shall ever respect her virtues. My ill treatment occasioned her friends to seek a separation, which was effected by mutual consent ; yet I wanted female society, and your importunate attachment offered me what was necessary to my convenience, and my departure from England afforded the cover of secrecy. You certainly both deceived yourself and me, in professing a sincere attachment ; nor can you wonder that the unjustifiable methods you took to allure me diminished my respect : yet at least I expected fidelity, and the breach of it I thought

deserving of punishment. Farewel, madam : it would be ridiculous for me to attempt to offer consolation ; to my friends I leave that care. Should your expected offspring prove a girl, I hope you will make it your study to rear her in habits of prudence and decorum ; at any rate, you will recollect that it has not, more than yourself, any claims to the name or heart of

CLAVERTON.

Cruel and insulting as this letter was, continued Mrs. Mournwell, it was just ; I bowed in submissive repentance, and as soon as my health would permit, returned to England. Pride prevented my making personal application to my guardian, and I learned that Miss Mathews, to whose pernicious example I owed my ruin, lived in a state of public infamy with him. My little annuity was sufficient to keep me from want, and I resolved that in future my pen should be employed in warning others from those errors and misfortunes in which it involved me.

I came to this village ; my child died within a few months after its birth ; and here I live a sequestered unsocial life. My constitution is impaired by the temporary anguish of my mind, and it is only among a circle of agreeable friends that I feel any return of my former gaiety. I must however inform you, that Claverton was lost with the ship in which he took his passage for Madras ; and his wife has been since married to a gentleman of fortune and excellent character.

This story was not told without frequent interruptions, and, at the conclusion, I thanked my neighbor for the confidence she reposed in me ; and, previous to our separation, gave her a frank invitation to our house and table, which she accepted with the appearance of grateful pleasure.

(To be continued)





## Selected Biography

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

*The universally acknowledged excellence of Mrs. H. More's writings must create a desire in every person who has read them, to be acquainted with her character; to gratify this wish, we copy from the introductory number to a Selection of celebrated Female Authors, published in London, the succeeding account of her life and writings.*

**F**EMALE worth is a distinguished feature in the character of virtuous nations. Few or none perhaps ever arrived at any degree of celebrity, or enjoyed the blessing of general felicity, where it did not exist, or was not an object of popular emulation. It renders the mind susceptible of the best principles, inculcates the love of science, and shapes our habits and inclinations to the unbought grace of life. It expands and purifies the heart by a thousand nameless refinements, is a fertile source of excellence in every pursuit, and polishes the public taste, which forms our manners, fashions, our preferences; and renders the mutual intercourse of the sexes, in every station, as amiable as interesting.

For these reasons, the conduct and qualities of women are of the highest moral and political consideration to social welfare. It is from the peculiar cast of their character, public opinion takes its complexion and bias; and therefore whatever tends to regulate and improve their minds, will always be of the last importance, both to contemporaries and posterity. We would fondly accelerate this general and interesting object, by placing in the most conspicuous view before the eyes of female youth, such of our countrywomen as have raised themselves to eminence, by a signal display of useful and ornamental qualities. From these illustrious examples, female ambition may be roused. Some may imbibe a taste so sweetly delineated, some cultivate faculties so popular and elevated, some imitate virtues so laudably exercised, and all be more or less benefited, by the beautiful and impressive patterns of feminine excellence we mean successively to communicate.

In the front of a most respectable selection of female authors, whose exquisite taste and talents have made them thus conspicuous, and whom we consi-

der as the principal ornaments of our work, we are happy to place the celebrated Mrs. Hannah More. This lady has long flourished in the literary world which she has richly adorned by a variety of labors, all excellent in their kind. *The Search after Happiness*, a pastoral drama for young ladies, seems to have been her first attempt, while only eighteen years old, and is replete with such diversified merit as gave early promise of subsequent improvement. Indeed, few pastorals, in this or any other language, are better calculated to refine the female taste, repress the luxuriance of young imaginations, or charm the rising affections of minds glowing with sensibility and ardor. But its chief distinction over every similar drama, is its purity of sentiment, simplicity of diction, originality of design, and the inviolable affinity it establishes and preserves between truth and nature, virtue and happiness, habits of innocence, and the practice of piety.

The concern she takes and the interest she feels, for the dignity of her own sex, is further exemplified by a series of beautiful Essays, appropriated to the improvement of young ladies. It is here she commands at once the understanding and the heart: and who can resist conviction, when genius reasons from experience? Indeed, her best endowments are uniformly devoted to the interests and culture of youth. This seems to be the original spring of all her amiable exertions: and with a real wish to do good, she could not act from a stronger impulse. The world derives all its degeneracy from the neglect of youth. They see the insignificance or profligacy of such as walk before them, and, abandoned or tied down to the copy set them, naturally and unavoidably follow it as close as they can. But this good lady, aware of what has always defeated the best education, employs her whole time, and faculties of transcendent energy, in detecting and exposing the pernicious influence of evil example, and raising the preferences of the young and unexperienced, from palpable folly to sound wisdom, from delusion to reality, and from the miseries of vicious, to the substantial satisfactions of virtuous pursuits.

In the cause of religion and society, her labors are original and indefatigable. She even aims at rendering corporeal exigence subservient to mental improvement, and the industrious

poor are enlightened by her instructions, while supported by her bounty. It is no part of her system, to graft the subordinate duties of life on ignorance, or to think the multitude cannot be otherwise managed than by keeping their minds in darkness. She is fully aware that human mechanism, like every other is perfect and efficacious only in proportion as its best powers are drawn forth and improved by exercise. And the late inundation of foreign and unprecedented licentiousness, which threatened to debauch our peasantry, and alienate their affections from the best king, the finest constitution, and the mildest government in the world, stimulated and exemplified her zeal by exertions worthy of her character, of her country, and of human nature, to stem the torrent. Her efforts have been as successful as her motives were patriotic. The measures she adopted, by the blessing of God, have given a check to the flagitious principles and foul morals of a people, whose example is more to be deprecated than even their hostility.

It was with this view she exposed the gross atheistic tendency of *Dupont's* speech in the French Convention, on Religion and Public Education, and roused the general abhorrence of all ranks, at the atrocity of a system which struck at the vitals of every thing good and sacred among men. She then projected her *Cheap Repository* for supplying intelligence of an opposite tendency, to such as could not afford it on other terms. The fund, by which she reared and maintains this impregnable fortress against the havoc of irreligion and licentiousness, originated in the munificence of the liberal circle to which she has access, by her personal merits and address. Happily for our domestic quietude, she appropriated all her interest, with her affluent and respectable associates in taste and literature, not to crush the dissatisfactions she foresaw fomenting in the public mind by coercion, but for dispelling it, and defeating its influence, by the gentle means of reason and persuasion. She would lead her fellow creatures into habits of mutual forbearance and kind accommodation with each other, not drive them into those of harshness and aversion: she would fill their heads with knowledge, that their hearts may not be blinded by passion: she would inspire them with principles of integrity, and a sense of what is just and right, that their duty may be an object of choice, not compulsion.



Her *Thoughts on the importance of the Manners of the Great to general Society* and her *Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World*, breathe the same spirit, and are directed to the same end. That these tracts have been useful, may well be inferred from their popularity and general circulation among all orders in the community. They were perused with avidity, from the highest to the lowest. And such was the impression they made, that hardly any other book was for a long time read in private families, mentioned in polite conversation, or even detailed from the pulpits in the precincts of the Court. They gave birth to many imitations, and are the obvious prototype of a late *Practical View of the prevailing Religious System of professed Christians*, which has occasioned so much noise, and we hope done so much good.

All her works\* are equally calculated to promote the same benign purpose, by awakening the world to its best interest, and exciting it to praise-worthy actions. But in thus conceiving and demonstrating what others should be, she only shows what she herself is. Her publications are an exact transcript of her own life, which is literally spent in doing good. This is the pride and consolation of her heart, and much dearer to her than all other considerations, from the loudest applause of the world, or even the flattering tenderness of friends. Some of these have called

\* Besides a variety of anonymous productions, occasionally published in periodical collections, or handed about under the seal of secrecy, and confidently ascribed to Mrs. Hannah More, the following is the completest catalogue of her legitimate labors we have been able to procure :

The Search after Happiness, a pastoral Drama for young Ladies.

Sacred Dramas, chiefly intended for young persons; the subjects taken from the Bible. To which is added, Sensibility, a Poem.

Percy, a Tragedy, as it was acted at the Theatre-Royal Covent Garden.

The Fatal Falsehood, a Tragedy, as it was acted at the Theatre-Royal, Covent Garden.

Sir Eldred of the Bower, and the Bleeding Rock, two Legendary Tales.

Essays for Young Ladies.

Inflexible Captive.

Ode to Dragon.

Florio and Bas Bleu.

Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great to general Society.

An Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World.

Remarks on the speech of Mr. Dupont, made in the National Convention of France, on the Subjects of Religion and Public Education.

Village Politics, by Will Chip.

her exquisite humanity her hobby-horse. Such of them as are wits, it has actually furnished with a new species of raillery. It is in this humor, which is a mixture of praise and blame, the late Lord Orford, in a letter to herself gives the following masterly sketch of her character :

"It is very provoking, says his lordship, that people must be always hanging or drowning themselves, or going mad, that you, forsooth, mistress, may have the diversion of exercising your pity, and good-nature, and charity, and intercession, and all that beadrill of virtues that make you so troublesome and amiable, when you might be ten times more agreeable, by writing things that would not cost one above half-a-crown at a time. You are absolutely a walking hospital, and travel about into lone and bye places, with your doors open to house-stray-casualties. I wish, at least, that you would have some children yourself, that you might not be plaguing one for all the pretty brats that are starving and friendless. I suppose it was some such goody, two or three thousand years ago, that suggested the idea of an alma-mater suckling the three hundred and sixty five bantlings of the Countess of Hainault.—Well, as your newly adopted pensioners have two babes, I insist on your accepting two guineas for them, instead of one at present, that is, when you shall be present. If you cannot circumscribe your own charities, you shall not stint mine, Madam, who can afford it much better, and who must be dunned for alms; and do not scramble over hedges and ditches, in searching for opportunities of flinging away my money on good works. I employ mine better at auctions, and in buying pictures and baubles and hording curiosities, that, in truth, I cannot keep long, but that will last forever in my catalogue, and make me immortal. Alas! will they cover a multitude of sins? Adieu! I cannot jest after that sentence.

#### HINTS

Tending to promote and secure Happiness  
IN THE MARRIED STATE.

THE likeliest way either to obtain a good husband, or to keep one so, is to be good yourself.

Never use a lover till whom you design to make your husband, lest he should either upbraid you with it, or return it, afterwards; and if you find, at any time, an inclination to play the tyrant, remember these two lines of truth and justice :

Gently shall those be rul'd, who gently sway'd :  
Abject shall those obey, who haughty were obey'd.  
*Battle of the Sexes.*

Avoid, both before and after marriage, all thoughts of managing your husband. Never endeavor to deceive or impose on his understanding, nor give him uneasiness (as some do, very foolishly) to try his temper; but treat him always, before-hand, with sincerity, and afterwards with affection and respect.

Be not over sanguine before marriage, nor promise yourself felicity without alloy; for that is impossible to be attained in this present state of things.

Consider, before-hand, that the person you are going to spend your days with, is a man, and not an angel; and if, when you come together, you discover any thing in his humor or behavior, that is not altogether so agreeable as you expect, pass it over as a human frailty:—smooth your brow, compose your temper, and try to amend it by cheerfulness and good nature.

Remember, always, that whatever misfortunes may happen to either, they are not to be charged to the account of matrimony, but to the accidents and infirmities of human life; a burden which each has engaged to assist the other in supporting, and to which both parties are equally exposed. Therefore, instead of murmurs, reflections, and disagreement (whereby the load is rendered abundantly more grievous) readily put your shoulder to the yoke, and make it easier to both.

Resolve every morning to be cheerful and good-natured that day; and if any accident should happen to break that resolution, suffer it not to put you out of humor with every thing besides, but especially with your husband.

Dispute not with him, be the occasion what it may; but much rather deny yourself the trivial satisfaction of having your own will, or gaining the better of an argument, than risque a quarrel, or cause a heart-burning, which it is impossible to know the end of.



Be assured, a woman's power, as well as happiness, has no other foundation but her husband's esteem and love; which, consequently, it is her undoubted interest, by all means possible, to preserve and increase. Do you, therefore, study his temper, and command your own; enjoy his satisfaction with him, share and sooth his cares, and with the utmost diligence conceal his infirmities.

Read frequently, with due attention, the matrimonial service; and take care, in doing so, not to overlook the word—*obey*.

In your prayers, be sure to add a clause for grace to make a good wife; and, at the same time, resolve to do your utmost endeavors towards it.

Always wear your wedding-ring, for therein lies more virtue than is usually imagined: if you are ruffled unawares, assaulted with improper thoughts, or tempted in any kind against your duty, cast your eye upon it, and call to mind who gave it you—where it was received—and what passed at that solemn time.

Let the tenderness of your conjugal love be expressed with such decency, delicacy, and prudence, as that it may appear plainly and thoroughly distinct from the designing fondness of a harlot.

Have you any concern for your own ease, or for your husband's esteem? Then have a due regard to his income and circumstances in all your expences and desires; for, if necessity should follow, you run the greatest hazard of being deprived of both.

Let not many days pass together, without a serious examination how you have behaved as a wife; and if, upon reflection, you find yourself guilty of any foibles, or omissions, the best atonement is—to be exactly careful of your future conduct.

#### ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

*Addressed to the editor of a London periodical work.*

SIR,

YOUR entertaining work has often taken into consideration the relative capacities of each sex. I wish to point out the danger of educating our sisters and daughters in a belief of the

certain inferiority of their intellectual powers. This enervating idea drinks up the spirit of exertion, and leaves them sunk in indolence and folly; besides, how are they to blame for the errors of passion, and the mistakes of sentiment, if they are incapable of judging?—No just person resents the weakness of an idiot, or accuses of wilfulness a blindfolded person for stumbling.

If women are naturally weak, why is sincerity, forbearance, or wisdom, expected from them?—An unwarrantable prejudice opposes their improvement, and induces a system of education which annihilates every noble propensity. A girl having acquired a few simple rudiments, merely as a secondary consideration, is told to dress, that by that means her aided charms may procure her a husband, that she may settle in life. These documents render her frivolous, unmeaning and mercenary; she opposes, with envy, calumny, and deceit, that part of her sex who clash with *her* interests:—hence the child of error finishes the cold-hearted adept of selfishness and dissimulation.

Were there a seminary of boys conducted on these principles, would not every exalted sentiment and feeling become also absorbed and lost? Would they not exhibit a strong instance of weak judgment and improper conduct?—Indeed, with innumerable advantages this sex boast at present but little pre-eminence. On the other hand, I would not recommend, pursuant to Mrs. Wolstonecraft's ideas a system of Amazonian education for females: I would see only a more liberal plan adopted, so as to promote not only the softer virtues which induce *sensibility*, but likewise cultivate the *judgment*, that it might temper the feelings, and direct a conduct alike influenced by mildness and reason. Cleanliness and a little fashion ought on no account to be neglected. The auxiliaries of dress renders us not only amiable in the eyes of others, but refine our own ideas, and give a chasteness to the imagination.

Did a female discover great promptitude of genius, I would have it improved by cultivation, and suffer her to pursue, unrestricted, literary researches. If I saw her mistaken in herself, I would convince her, mildly, that in another pursuit she would appear more amiable. Neither every woman, nor

every man, is born to be *great*: the disposition and sentiments ought to be studied, and properly guided. The same indulgence which restores one invalid may destroy another. The pursuit must be fitted to the mind; the mind can seldom be fitted to the pursuit. Procrustes ordered his victims to be fitted to an iron bed; if they were too large, they, perhaps, incurred amputation; if too small, they were stretched and racked to its dimensions. These tortures are often inflicted on young minds by the arbitrary and undiscerning; and the object of such experiments must almost become a martyr.

The very character who in a great and arduous situation knows not how to act, and meets contempt, in a private circle might prove valuable; whilst another, who in an humble sphere writhes under the torments of ambition, and is at last incited by strong-perverted intellect to become an outcast and a wretch, might, under different circumstances, have dawned the luminary of the world.

F. S.

#### FLORIO AND LUCILLA,

*Or, the virtuous but fatal Elopement:*

A MORAL TALE.

THE farther we remove from great cities, the nearer, generally speaking, do we approach to those scenes of guiltless happiness which are at once the fruit and the reward of genuine love—that love which, implanted by Heaven, and cherished by virtue, forms to susceptible minds a paradise, if a paradise there be on earth. In such peaceful retreats—to the eternal disgrace of dissipated grandeur—the heroic principles of honor are alone considered as the glory of man, while the ingenuous ones of virtuous sensibility form the basis of every thing that is held amiable in woman.

Hapless Florio! hapless Lucilla! why, born and educated as ye both were in the bosom of Truth and Innocence—why, alas! were ye destined to prove to an abandoned world, that it is not *here* but *hereafter* that Truth and Innocence are to look for either favor or protection?

In the story of this ill-fated pair—a



story which is already too well known to many families—there are few incidents; but every incident seems in some sense to convey with it a moral; and few as they are, they shall be related with fidelity.

Florio was a young, and most accomplished officer, in a marching regiment. Soon after the commencement of the American war, it was his lot to be ordered into Wales, as the commander of a little recruiting party; and it was his lot also to be stationed in a town little distant from the abode of the fair Lucilla, the only daughter of a gentleman of the very first consequence in the county of —.

It was at a private ball that they first met; and if ever a *love at first sight* could be justified by the laws of either *prudery* or *prudence*, it seems to be in the case of Florio and Lucilla. Formed as it were by Nature for each other, their eyes no sooner met, than whole volumes of love were mutually, but insensibly, expressed by them. The little God had instantaneously transfixed both their bosoms with one of his most resistless arrows; and well might they each have said, as Romeo did in a similar situation,

"I look'd, and gaz'd, and never miss'd my heart,  
"It fled so pleasingly away."—

Like Romeo, alas! they were also doomed to experience that

"Fathers have flinty hearts."

Lucilla, who long had been denied the sweets of maternal tenderness and indulgence, lived under the roof of a father who loved her dearly. Frequently in his hours of good humored fondness would he call her his angel—his goddess; but in fact the only idols he cordially worshipped, were his guineas, his acres, and the genealogical table of a family as old as that of the famed Cadwallader.

They were indeed an insuperable bar to the hopes of our lovers; for Florio had little to boast on the score of pedigree, and still less on that of fortune. Lucilla was no stranger to these circumstances, and they served only to increase her tenderness for Florio; tho' at the same time, she was aware, that, with her father's consent, she never should have the happiness to call him *Husband*.

In the mean while, Florio was a daily visitor of the old gentleman, with whom he so highly ingratiated himself, that he could have obtained from him almost any gift, but the only one for which his soul panted—the gift of his daughter. In this gift a supposed contamination of the blood of an ancient Briton would have been included; and too well did our lover know, that, should he dare to utter to him a single syllable on the subject of a matrimonial connection, he would never more be permitted to enjoy even a sight of his adored Lucilla.

Many weeks, however, were not suffered to elapse before the feelings of both Florio and Lucilla were put to a cruel test, in consequence of the arrival of an express, commanding the young officer immediately to join his regiment, in order to embark for America—

America! fatal was the sound, when it reached the ears of Lucilla, and awfully ominous was it to the fond, the darling youth of her innocent affections.

What was to be done?—Lucilla could not live but in the presence of her Florio; and the idea of leaving behind him his Lucilla was worse than ten thousand deaths to our enamored hero.—Circumstanced as they were, from the base, or, at best, the absurd and worldly, prejudices of a parent, whose breast had long been insensible to all the soft emotions that flow from love, they consulted their hearts, and determined to follow love's dictates; that is, plainly to express it, to elope, and seek for happiness in each other, even at earth's utmost verge, should fate conduct them thither.

On the eve of her departure, Lucilla wrote a letter to her father, conjuring him in the most endearing terms of filial duty and tenderness, not to reproach her for an action, which, as being unavoidable, she trusted was in itself blameless; an action, which would be no wise painful to herself, farther than as it might alarm a rigid but affectionate parent for the safety of a beloved child; on which head, however he might rest perfectly easy, since, having committed herself to the protection of a man of virtue, her own virtue, as hitherto, would and should remain inviolate.

By some means, an anonymous copy

of this letter found its way into the London papers; and so elegantly, yet mysteriously, was it worded, that in every polite circle it became the topic of admiration, conjecture, and enquiry.

The event to which it alluded, happened near the close of the year 1776; and by some readers it may be recollected, that about this period a number of advertisements appeared in the daily prints, soliciting, under the initials of D. W. the return of a certain *fair fugitive*, and urging her again to take shelter under the wings of a father, who was distracted from the loss of her, and who could not descend to the grave in peace, till, beholding once more his child, he might have it in his power to gratify her utmost wish by uniting her with a parental benediction to the man of her heart.

Would to heaven that he had thus expressed himself sooner!—Long had he known, or, at least, blind must he have been, had he not perceived that the mutual passion of Florio and Lucilla was uncontrollable as it was unbounded; and now was it reserved for him to feel—bitterly to feel—that in obstructing their happiness, he had literally undermined his own.

His advertisements, like many other notices of the kind, appeared too late; and already were our lovers safely landed at New-York (where Hymen finally sealed their vows) before the wretched father, sensible of his folly, endeavored to terminate the memory of an irreparable misfortune, by terminating the daily repetition of it.

"Wretched father," has it been said? Alas! amiable Lucilla, ere long shall we find, that even thou (spotless as was thy soul, spotless as was the soul of thy husband) wert born also to be wretched; and that, barely capable of evading the wiles of guilt, but for thy own native virtues thou couldst hardly, even in thy own person, obtain an asylum on earth for innocence.

(To be continued.)





## ACCOUNT

## OF TWO YOUNG PRINCESSES

*Taking the Veil at Naples.*

FROM "SKETCHES IN A TOUR," &amp;c.

MY letter being detained till to-day I cannot help adding a few lines to describe to you a scene which I have been witness to this morning that I think of all others, is one of the most affecting in the world—two princesses taking the veil! They were two sisters: the name of the one Marianna, and the other Francisca; the former about nineteen years of age, the latter about one and twenty. The church was prepared and decorated in the most superb manner, for the occasion: all the chapels lighted with large wax tapers, and the high altar covered with images and chandeliers of massy silver. The first nobility in Naples, the foreign ambassadors, and a great crowd of people of fashion, were present. Every body was in full dress; and many of the dresses were as brilliant as ever graced a ball room. Some of the ladies had actually bouquets of diamonds.

About eleven o'clock, the princesses entered, the music playing in the grandest manner as they walked along the church. They passed up the principle aisle to the altar, so that every one had a full view of them. They were dressed with the utmost magnificence, in white satin robes, with long trains, which were borne by the servants of their family, in the richest liveries. They were each of them attended by two beautiful young girls, dressed in the most costly manner. Beside the altar, were sofas of crimson velvet prepared for them, on which themselves and their friends, were seated, the rest of the company all standing round. The ceremony then commenced, by the consecration of the habits they were going to assume by the Cardinal. When this was finished, each of them took in her left hand a cross, and in her right a lighted taper, and knelt down at the feet of the Cardinal, who read something to them, which I could not altogether understand. Whilst this was performing, I very fortunately got a place, immediately behind them. Marianna, who was the youngest, turned round once, and smiled, whilst her eyes were, at the same time, wet with tears,

and spoke too feelingly the anguish of her heart. Unhappy girl! she was an unwilling victim; she looked excessively pale and sickly. Her sister, on the contrary, who had long wished to assume the vestal character, appeared extremely cheerful and gay. They each of them had most beautiful hair and a great deal of it. On their heads they wore large plumes of white feathers, which projected so low, that whilst they were kneeling to the Cardinal, we expected every moment they would have caught fire, from tapers held in their hands. After the ceremony at the altar was finished, they each of them, with a cross in one hand, and a taper in the other, proceeded again down the church, to return no more *for ever*! This consideration made my heart sink within me! The ceremony, however, was not finished—indeed the most affecting part of it now began. They had passed round the church, and presented themselves at the grate of the convent, on the opposite side of the altar. A small door in the grating was opened, and each of them, alternately, bowed their heads to the Cardinal, who cut off their hair; then the nuns, who were all standing round, took off their elegant cloaths, and put on them the habits of their order. Unfortunately, we could obtain but a very imperfect view of this scene; from the circumstance of the bars being so large and clumsy.

After the ceremony was finished, they came in their new habits to the grate, and their friends presented us to them. I now got quite close, and had a full and complete sight of all the nuns. There were some of the loveliest young women amongst them I ever saw: they bowed to us, and appeared, many of them, very desirous of seeing the company. One sweet girl, in particular, who seemed to be not more than fifteen or sixteen, discovered uncommon eagerness. She stayed behind the rest, and turned her eyes towards the grating with looks that betrayed some lingering desires for the world. The whole of the ceremony lasted about three hours.

I much wish, my friend, you had been with me, for although a very affecting scene, and such as drew tears from many of my countrymen, who were standing round, yet it was certainly one of the most interesting and magnificent I ever remember to have been a spectator of.

## APHORISMS.

The shadow of a body is sometimes larger than the body, sometimes less; in the same manner, a man's reputation is sometimes above his merit, sometimes beneath it.

Metaphors are like transparent veils, through which you easily discover what is beneath them.

Words are to ideas what precious stones are to gold, of which good workmen use as little as possible, and merely enough to finish the work well.

As rain appeases the wind, so do tears calm sighs.

## ANECDOTES

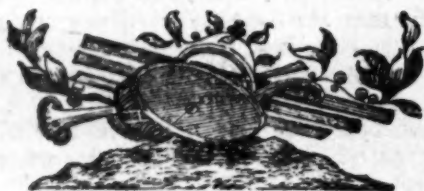
A barber's customer, willing to break a jest upon him, while waiting in the shop for his return from a neighbor, saluted him on his coming in, with, "Here comes paper-skull."—"Who do you call paper-skull," replied the enraged tonsor, "my head is as thick as any of yours!"

*Curious Advertisement.*

H. H——, whitesmith, gardener, fishmonger, schoolmaster, and watchman, teeth drawn occasionally, shoemaker, chapel clerk, crier of the town, running footman, groom and organ blower, keeper of the town hall, letter-carrier, brewer, winder of the town clock, toller of the bell, waiter and bill-poster, fire-bucket mender, fire-lighter to the dancing master, sheriff's officer's deputy, and ringer of the market bell, returns his most grateful acknowledgments to the inhabitants of W—— and its vicinity, for the many favors already received, and begs to assure them, that it shall be his constant study to merit their patronage.

A few days ago, a fellow was taken before a magistrate, charged with being a vagrant and an impostor.—"You are accused, (said the justice) amongst other things, of telling a set of weak, credulous people, whom you drew after you,—You are accused, I say, of telling these fools, that the world would be at an end, last Saturday."—"Please your worship (replied the fellow) in that I only made a mistake of a single word. I ought, please your honor, to have said the *week*,—and then it would have been all right.





## TWO SONNETS.

WRITTEN BY JAMES KENNEY.

## 1st. TO A PIG.

WHITHER, poor bristly wand'r'er, dost thou stray?  
Adown my cheek I feel the trickling tear,  
For much poor bristly wanderer, I fear  
Lonely thou roam'st a weary wilder'd way!

And soon, to all-devouring man a prey,  
No longer grunting shalt thou grub about,  
Thrust on each dunghill thine intrusive snout,  
Or tranquil bask thee in the sunny ray!

In shed blood-sous'd, hung up a cold white corse,  
No eye shalt thou bedew—Yes, from thy sty,  
Shall thy lorn mate's deep-heaved and lengthen'd  
cry  
In shrill and squeaky accents mourn thy loss!

Farewel! thy race no more shall bleed for me;  
No more my carcase shall befed with thine;  
Tho' oft too oft, my dinner used to be  
Peas-pudding and the pickled flesh of swine.\*

\* This sonnet is unlawfully long by two lines. As I have no excuse to offer for this transgression, I can only confess it, and throw myself on the Critic's mercy.

## SONNET 2d.

## ON AWAKENING IN THE MORNING.

HARK! milk-pails rattle, and the pavement rude  
Growls at the pressure of the dustman's cart;  
The sweepers too, their treble yell impart—  
Sure tokens all of busy day renew'd.

Ah me! I love to see the bustling throng;  
Devoid they seem of care-engend'ring thought—  
May they ne'er know (by stern Misfortune taught)  
The woes depressive that to me belong!

The beamy God of light, whose matin ray  
Illumines them to diligent employ,

Wakes me, alas! from sweet oblivious joy,  
With tears and laments still to hail the day!

To give my sorrow-stricken breast repose,  
I'll e'en essay to take another dose.

[From the Republican Farmer]

## THE RUINS.

I'VE seen, in twilight's pensive hour,  
The moss-clad dome, the mould'ring tow'r  
In awful ruin stand,  
That dome where graceful voices sung,  
That tower whose chiming music rung,  
Majestically grand!

I've seen 'mid sculptur'd pride, the tomb  
Where heroes slept in silent gloom,  
Unconscious of their fame—  
Those who with laurel'd honors crown'd,  
Among their sons spread terror round,  
And gain'd—an empty name!

I've seen in death's dark palace laid,  
The ruins of a beauteous maid,  
Cadaverous and pale!—  
That maiden, who while life remain'd,  
O'er rival charms in triumph reign'd  
The mistress of the vale.

I've seen, where dungeon damp's abide,  
A youth, admir'd in manhood's pride,  
In fancied greatness rove;  
He, who in REASON's happier day,  
Was virtuous, witty, noble, gay,  
Learn'd, generous and brave.

Nor dome, nor tow'r, in twilight shade—  
Nor hero fall'n, nor beauteous maid—  
To RUIN all consign'd!  
Can with such pathos touch my breast,  
As (on the maniac's form impress)  
The ruins of a noble mind!

## FELICITY OF VIRTUOUS LOVE.

FROM THE SORROWS OF LOVE.

THRICE happy state! where Love with Virtue  
reigns,  
And conscious Innocence sure peace maintains!  
Within the breast, no furious tumults swell,  
No tempests rage, nor boisterous storms assail:  
Peaceful the day revolves, and calm the night;  
No cares torment, nor guilty fears affright;  
No plan is form'd to tempt the midnight gloom,  
Nor scheme devis'd to taint bright Virtue's bloom;  
No vicious thoughts to mean pursuits inflame;  
No crim'nal passions fire to deeds of shame.

In ceaseless joy the smiling hours roll on,  
Pleas'd as they pass, and pleasing still when gone.  
O envious joys! beyond the reach of woe,  
Which Love and Innocence alone bestow.

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N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

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No. 246 WATER STREET.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has for sale, TICKETS in the "Lottery for the Encouragement of Literature, No. 11," either whole, or in halves, quarters, or eighths.—Scheme as follows:

1 Prize of	25,000	60	200
1	10,000	120	100
1	5,000	200	50
3	2,000	500	20
7	1,000	9,000	10
20	500		

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N. B. Tickets examined and registered as usual—Cash paid for prizes as soon as drawn—Orders for tickets or shares, (post paid) carefully attended to. Tickets now selling for 6½ dollars, and by reason of the great demand will soon rise.

JOHN TIEBOUT.

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